

Early Retirement

Little Comets

Fortunately I have got
Enough to realise that
This is growing old
The promises you sew are
Shallow footsteps in the snow
That you cover up

Sumptuously I have seen
The centuries in his eyes
Now I'm growing up
It's wealth that makes you proud
Well there's no pockets in a shroud
You want showing up.
You need showing up.

I'm worn down by it all
I'm worn down by it all
Take my innocent relief
Take my shattered inner peace
I'm worn down

A culture cannot die
If it is already long dead
The only place for language is
The remnants of these bandages
That weave a futile melody
While they're wrapped around my head
The subtle chill of dread that's filling me
Is deep in each capillary

Fortunately I have got
Enough to realise
This is growing old.

I'm worn down by it all
I'm cut down by it all
Take my innocent relief
Take my shattered inner peace
Take my worry
Take my scorn
Take my enigmatic pause
Take the contents of my head
Take the remnants
Take my dread
For I'm worn down